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Choice Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

THE PINE.

BY W. C. HOMER.

While mossy old pines sang a lullaby wild,
I couched on the grass, when an innocent child,
An angel-faced angel, was hovering round;
No instrument fashioned by frail, mortal hand,
Could raise in my bosom a feeling so grand,
As that magical, soft and mysterious sound.

In keeping with Freedom's proud throne on the hills,
The heart of the storm-tossed pine forest thrills,
The heart of the mountain rebores in cloudb;
It sends to the valleys a voice of dismay,
And sounds like the quick march of hosts to the fray,
While drums beat the charge, and the trumpet is loud.

Though soft are the tones that the wild winds evoke
From the glossy-leaved beech, or cotoneal oak,
The pines give a sweeter response to their call;
And often I think, when the branches are stirred,
Of rich, ghost-peals in some old minister heard,
While organs peal in staid and solemn wall.

When winter is coating the hillside with snow,
And dropping a shroud on the meadows below,
The pine, like a sentinel, stands on the height;
It covers its trunk with a glittering mail,
And it welcomes the rush of the pitiless gale,
Its green arms upspring in frantic delight.

Meet place for the bird of our banner to rest,
Or build for his royal descendants a nest,
Is the tall, misty cone of some towering pine;
Its branches give scope, and proclaim him a king,
When upward, in circles, he mounts on the wing,
To gaze on the earth like a vision divine.

Oh! grand is the dash of the surf on the shore,
And wild the mad torrent's tumultuous roar,
While cliffs, overhanging, with spray-drops are wet;
But the sigh of the wind in a forest of pines,
Like troops on the hill-summits, marshalled in lines,
Is a sound that a poet can never forget.

Now it swells on the ear, with a lullaby roll;
Anon breathes in whispers of love to the soul—
For spirits are touching the emerald keys:
Talk not of the magic of flute or of lyre:
Poetic emotion they cannot inspire,
Like melody wove, in the pines, by the breeze.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.

FONTANELLE, THE OMAHA CHIEF.
WOLF RIVER, Kansas Ter., Aug. 4, 1855.

Logan Fontanelle, Chief of the Omahas, has just been slain and scalped at Loup Fork, by a band of Sioux. Logan was a noble fellow, and in this mortal conflict he dispatched several of the enemy to the spirit land before, to herald the coming of his own brave soul. He fought long, desperately, and with great effect, but numbers finally overcame him, and he died a martyr for his people, and his name should be carved upon fame's brightest tablet.

He was on his annual hunt with his nation. A number of his lodges were pitched upon the plains near Loup Fork. As a young warrior one day rode around the adjacent hills, he espied a powerful band of Sioux encamped along a stream in a sequestered vale. He hastens to inform Logan of the proximity and power of their nation. Logan ordered his people to pack immediately, and proceed in a straight line and with all speed for home, while he would remain behind, and divert the Sioux by false camp fires and other devices, from a direct pursuit of them. This was about twilight. The people got underway as quickly as possible, but not too soon; for scarcely had they turned a highland when several Sioux warriors came in sight and discovered the place of their recent encampment. They examined it and found that Omahas had been there, and then they returned to notify their chief, and bring an adequate force to pursue and slaughter them. Logan, from a hiding-place, saw all and knew that no time was to be lost in drawing their attention from the trail, which they would soon discover and follow, and mounting his horse, he dashed away at full speed across the prairie, at right angles with the route his tribe had taken, and struck a fire about eight miles distant, on an eminence where the Sioux could distinctly see it. He had scarcely done so before a powerful band were upon the spot that he and his people had so lately left, and who, without stopping to distinguish the trail, started for the fire, which they saw rising against the clear blue sky, and where they expected in another moment to imbue their hands in the gore of their unguarded victims. But Logan had not been unwary.—As soon as the fire was lighted, he sprang mounted and rode on eight or ten miles further, and kindled another fire just as they reached the first. This rather bewildered them. Logan anticipated this, had trotted and walked his horse around it, so as to make the appearance upon the grass of the treading of a dozen horses; and this drew them into the belief that a small body had lingered behind and kindled this fire, and then gone on to where they could see the new fire burning; and so they followed with renewed avidity. The same thing happened as before. Logan had gone on, and another fire met their astonished gaze, while the same sort of foot prints were made by the one around which they were now gathered. Their suspicions were now awakened. They examined the ground more closely, both far and near, and discovered that a solitary horseman had deceived them, and they knew it was for the sole purpose of leading them off from the pursuit of the party whose encampment they had first discovered.

Logan saw them going round with glaring torches, and understood their object, and knew that his only chance of safety was in immediate flight towards his home; and he further knew that by the time they could retrace their way to their place of starting, and find the trail that his own people had taken, they would be beyond the reach of danger.

The Sioux, in the meanwhile, had divided into smaller bands, the largest of which was to return and pursue the Omahas, and the others to endeavor to capture the one who had misled them. They knew that he must be an Omaha, and that he would either go further and kindle another watch-fire, or start for his nation in a straight line; and, therefore, one party went on a little further, and the others

spread out towards the Omaha country for the Indian girl dipping water from a spring. She was startled, and about to cry for help, when he hastily assured her that he needed protection and assistance. With the true instincts of noble woman, she appreciated his situation in an instant, and all her sympathies were with him. She directed him to dismount and go to a small natural bower to which she pointed him in the verge of the woods, while she would mount horse and lead his pursuers away. He obeyed her, and she mounted his horse and dashing on in a serpentine way through the woods, leaving marks along the bushes by which she could be traced. The pursuers soon followed. When she had got some distance down the branch, she rode into the water, and followed its descending course for a few steps, making her horse touch its sides and leave foot-prints in that direction, and then turned up the bed of the stream and rode above the place at which she entered it, without leaving a trace, and back to where Logan was concealed. She told him to mount and speed away, while his pursuers were going in a contrary direction down the ravine. He did so and got a long distance out of sight, and again thought himself out of the reach of danger, when in a valley just in front of him he saw fifty braves coming up the hill meeting him. They were some of those who were purpose of intercepting him. Logan pressed forward as rapidly as his jaded steed could bear him, until he thought he had entirely eluded them; but as the day dawned, to his horror and dismay, he saw his pursuers close upon his track. He turned his course for a ravine, which he distinguished at a distance, covered with trees and undergrowth. He succeeded in reaching it, and just within its verge he met returning from the pursuit of his people. He changed his direction and tried to escape, but his poor horse was too much exhausted to bear him with sufficient speed. With savage yells they plunged their bows into their horses' sides and gained upon him. As the foremost approached within shooting distance, Logan turned suddenly and sent a bullet through his brain. Then, loading as he galloped on, he soon made another bite the dust; and then another and another, until four were stowed along the plain. Just then, however, as he was again reloading, his horse stumbled and fell, and the band rushed upon him before he had well recovered from the shock. He was shot with bullets and arrows, and gashed with tomahawks, and pierced with lances; notwithstanding all which, he arose amidst his foes, and with his clubbed rifle and hunting-knife he piled around him five prostrate bodies, and fell with his back upon their corpses and expired, still fighting.

He was scalped, and hundreds of warriors held a great war-dance over him.

Thus Logan Fontanelle departed, and his noble spirit was followed to spirit-land by the sighs and lamentations of his nation and the sympathies and aspirations of the brave of every land.

THE SEWING GIRL.

Annie Linton was the best sewer in Mrs. Roy's school; and the mistress declared, on inspecting the first shirt she made for her father, "That the Duke of Barchin might well wear it." This was high praise for little Annie, who was only eleven years of age; and she never forgot it. Her work was the cleanest and neatest ever seen. Then she did it so quickly, her mother could not keep pace with her daily demand for something to sew.

"I wish Annie would take to her book," said Mrs. Linton to her husband. But it was quite clear that Annie would never take to her book; she had little reading and less spelling; and yet she could "mark" (with cotton) all the letters of the alphabet, as if she was a very miracle of learning.

"Something to sew?" eagerly demanded Annie.

"Will any mowing come to this sewing?" asked her father, with a very natural attempt at a pun.

"Those who do not sew shall not reap," said little Annie, cleverly taking up her father's meaning and her work-bag at the same time, as she whisked past him in fear of being too late for school.

Three weeks after: "Annie's learning to be a scholar," said Mrs. Linton; no more demands for sewing. That afternoon Annie came bounding into the house from school, sat upon her father's knee, opened her work-bag, which hung over her arm, and putting a sewed-up paper into his hand, said: "There's the mowing."

Her father undid the paper, and found four half-crowns. "Annie," questioned her father, "where did this come from?"

"From the sewing," answered Annie, laughing delightedly at his surprise, as she escaped from his knee, and ran out of the room, to delay a little longer the solution of the riddle.

"Wife," said John Linton, "it is impossible that Annie could earn all this by the sort of child's play girls call work; and whom did she earn it from? I'm afraid there's something wrong." And, to tell the truth, Annie Linton was practising a little disguise; nor had she given her father all the money she had earned. The sum originally was twelve shillings. This was all designed for her father alone; but a prior claim had come in the way. It was cold winter weather, and the children of the school brought their forms in a sort of square, around Mrs. Roy's fire. Annie, who was a favorite of the mistress, always occupied a warm corner close to her own big chair. On the day in question, Mrs. Roy happened to be out of the room—

"I'll change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold," said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very book-worm, who, clad in a thread-bare printed cotton gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

Jessie, thus invited, came a little nearer.

"You should put on a woolen frock like mine and warm yourself well at your mother's fire before you come to school these winter days," said Annie, scrutinizing the poverty-stricken appearance of the girl.

"Mother says," replied Jessie, "that she'd rather do without a fire than my schooling, and she can't pay for both."

"Has your mother no fire at home this cold weather?" asked Annie in amazement.

"No," said Jessie. "I wished I dare bring her with me here—it's warmer than at home. And I know mother is ill, though she won't tell me."

"Sit there," said Annie, placing Jessie in her warm corner; and don't go out of school without me.

That afternoon the two girls went hand in hand to Jessie's door.

"Have you plenty to eat, if you've no fire?" asked Annie.

"This is the first day mother has been forced to send me to school without breakfast," said Jessie, hanging down her head, as if ashamed of the confession.

"Here," said Annie, after a slight pause, untwisting the paper in which were deposited her first earnings; "I won't go in with you, for your mother might not like to take it from a little girl like me; but—and she put two shillings into Jessie's hand—that is to buy you something to eat, and a fire, and, if your mother can sew as well as I can," said Annie, with pardonable vanity, "I can tell her how to get plenty of money to pay for both."

No wonder Annie's riches increased; the first investment was a good one. Nevertheless the concealing of it from her parents she knew to be wrong; she feared they would disapprove of it; and she added to her little prayer, at night, after the usual ending of God bless father and mother—and forgive me for keeping secret that I helped Jessie Wilson! Could the Recording Angel carry up a purer prayer to Heaven?

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Linton very soon discovered that Mr. Seawell, of the "Ready-made Linen Warehouse," was the grand source of Annie's wealth. He said there was no one who could work like her, and said that he would give eighteen pence each for the finest description of shirt-making. This was no great payment for Annie's exquisite stitching—thirty years ago it would have brought her three and sixpence a shirt. But Annie is of the present, not of the past; and as she could complete a shirt in a day, her fingers flying swiftly over a weavers' shuttle, she earned nine shillings a week.

"Good wife," said Mr. Linton, "we are not so poor but that we can maintain our daughter until she's twenty; and by that time, at the present rate of her earnings, she will have a little fortune in the bank."

But this little fortune amassed, but slowly, for Annie seldom had nine shillings at the end of the week—there were other Jessie Wilsons who required food and fire.

Had Annie been a poet, she would assuredly have written, not the song, but a song of the shirt, for once when she was questioned as to the dull monotony of her work: "Dull!" "Delightful!" said Annie, in advocacy of her calling. "Why, with this rare linen and fine thread, my stitches seem like stringing little pearls along the white bands and collar! What an anti-song of the shirt might not Annie have written?"

Annie's eighteenth birthday was celebrated by a tea-party to all the seamstresses of Mr. Seawell's establishment, where she was now forewoman; besides being a cheerful, kind-hearted little creature, beloved by everybody, it was a compliment, Mr. Seawell said, she well deserved—her admirable superintendence of the department allotted her having increased his business tenfold.

Some time after there was a day of rejoicing in the firm of Seawell & Co. The father had taken his son as a partner, and the son took a partner for life—the indefatigable little seamstress, Annie Linton. There never was a blither bride. Annie—herself having risen from the ranks—had a present for every workwoman. Indeed it was a day of presents, for on that very morning, and in time to be worn at the wedding, a shawl arrived for Annie, all the way from India—an India shawl, that a Duchess would have envied! It was a pinned paper, on which was written: "Wear this for the sake of one who is now rich and happy, but who can never forget the services you rendered to the poor school girl—Jessie Wilson."

Annie, said young Seawell after the marriage, "I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first sewing. I also happened to be passing when you gave part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson; I was a boy then, but I said to myself: 'If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton; but she's so pretty—here Annie blushed most becomingly—not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind-hearted.'"

Say, in the introduction to his celebrated work on political economy, tells us that he studied all the books he could find on the subject upon which he intended to write—and then took time to forget what he had read, before beginning to write. Do we thoroughly comprehend what the memory retains in the gross? Are facts properly generalized, digested, assimilated, and made part and parcel of our mind? It is not in great measure forgotten? Is not a good memory a mental dyspepsia, that retains intellectual food undigested, and digests the listener or the reader by bringing it forth in the gross, just as it was swallowed? Who has not been bored a thousand times by a friend with a fine memory? Such a friend always remembers to forget, that he has retained the same learning or the same story to his impatient listener a hundred times before.

Probably every body has enough of memory. No one forgets what interests him. The dull boys who cannot remember a line of a book, are the very boys who never forget a name, or a face, or a foot-path. It is want of interest and attention, not want of memory, that makes them dull. The twenty-four books of Homer were easily retained in man's memories, before writing was invented. Men have now learned to forget, and consider such a power of memory almost incredible.

How unfortunate we should be to recollect everything we saw or read! Some men are, thus unfortunate, and are the poorest thinkers, and most intolerable bores in the world. We sometimes think that excess of memory is the

only defect of memory. That excess occasions intellectual indigestion or dyspepsia.

Some men acquire and retain twenty languages. Such men have never been distinguished for great power or comprehension of intellect. All the other mental faculties are sacrificed to mere memory. Great minds rarely retain the *ipsissima verba* of the books which they read.

We have often heard that Mr. Clay never forgot a name or a face. To him, as a public man, such things were important, interested his attention and impressed his memory. He had little use for poetry, and could scarcely repeat correctly a line of it. Great lawyers recollect principles only, and can define those principles only in language of their own. Accurate lawyers recollect cases, and can repeat definitions by the hour in the exact words of the book. Great lawyers make bad judges, for they decide too often on principle, regardless of authority. Accurate lawyers, men of good memories, revere authority, deem it almost profane to inquire into the reasons of such authority, have *stare decisis* for their guide and motto, and make indifferent advocates and admirable judges. We knew a distinguished jurist, whose advice to his students was, "Take care to comprehend what you read, but never trouble yourself about remembering it." To all readers, this is admirable advice. There is very little that we read, worth remembering; yet scarce anything we read, so or hear, that may not suggest useful reflection, and add thus to the volume of our intellect.

IRVING'S WASHINGTON.

This noble work is the graceful lounge of a great and good writer to a great and good man. There is the electric affinity which links together in one earth-embodying aspenome the souls of the pure and the gentle inspiring this volume; and from the beginning to the end this spirit may be seen hovering around it, gently beckoning the reader's heart to love him whose life is told, and to love him who tells it.

The pathos of the epic and the enchantment of a stately rhyme surrounded, like majestic sentinels, the heroisms, of the heroes of antiquity. But no such sentinels are needed where a world's love stands guard—no such majestic pagantry is required where the majesty of the achieved glory sheds forth such radiant lustre, where the reality is so great—so great beyond all need of display—that display could only offend. The life of Washington shrinks instinctively from the gorgeous drapery of the lyric poem, and, like a celestial maiden who looks most beautiful in the white virgin dress, shines brightest in that classic garment of noble simplicity in which Washington has clothed it.

But a still chaster influence looms in the logical aspect of this simplicity. It is becoming the hero who inaugurated republicanism. It is becoming the American citizen, who, with all his supreme gifts of superiority, preserves a dignified modesty, and in his very life actualizes that noble idea of equality which teaches the high to curb pride, thus inspiring the lowly to emulate greatness—and which, discarding in the high cravings of arrogance, reverts from the lofty to the sting of bitterness.

Irving's tale unfolds the life of one who worked out his lofty nature with the same humility that the lowliest works out his lowly nature; the life of one blushing almost under the sublime load of those wonderfully balanced harmonies of mind and soul which makes him soar above his fellows, and bearing his majestic cross with such lovely meekness that, as we follow him from his rural home in Virginia to his grave at Mount Vernon, there is every word, in every deed, in every thought, in every performance of his, that which makes the highest intellects love, and the lowliest heart worship—almost defy him. There is that sad and loving voice which once spoke to us from the Mount, speaking again through him who was liberty's greatest apostle, gently reminding us that there are diversity of gifts, but only one spirit. In him, we see that spirit which alike frowns upon the tyrannical autocrat who abuses power, and upon the tyrannical people who misuse freedom, teaching unflinching resistance to the one, while cautioning against the dangerous cravings of the other. No; the life of one who blended so much power of thought with so much serenity of temper, so much love for freedom with so much aversion for licentiousness, so much valor with so much meekness, so much crush of ideas with so much equanimity of mind, so much reverence for religion with so much tolerance of opinion, so much of the many-sided genius of Julius Caesar with so much of the undying consistency of Socrates, so much of the dazzling features of the impetuous hero-warrior with the genial aspirations of the plain country gentleman—the life of such a one is too pure in its simplicity to need the surroundings of verse, too towering in its majesty to lose by the absence of poetic glitter. Such a life if told at all, should only be told with that simple yet classic purity which constitutes the charm of Irving's writings; but not even the most faithful adaption of simplicity of tone to match the simplicity of the theme, could grapple with this life and tell this tale so as to arouse in our hearts feelings of admiration for the book akin to those inspired by his hero, if there was not that inexpressible sympathy of unity between the nobility of heart of the writer and that of him whose life is written, which infuses vitality into every line.

Not only Americans, but freemen and philanthropists all over the world, will read this graceful volume, and from its teachings will find lessons for emulation of those virtues which constituted the glory of Washington. But yet another thought suggests itself. The connection of two names which reverence linked together, will be made dear to posterity by all the enchantments of virtue and genius, of power and heroism.

If Washington is the revered father of our Republic of freedom, is not Irving the beloved father of our Republic of letters? From the inspirations which glow on the page of Dante and Shakespeare, and the gentle influences which plead through the lovely voice of Irving and of Scott, blossom those ideas, thoughts, and sympathies, which filling upon giant

minds, arouse heroism, and create Washingtons to fight for that which they have written. It is upon this divine marriage of ideal and action, that the progress of mankind depends; and let us rejoice at every symbol which proclaims the union of letters that control the minds, with action that moulds the destiny of men. Let us, then, thank our beloved Irving for giving us, in his life of Washington, a fresh and so beautiful a manifestation of this glorious union. The noble deeds of Washington make the glory of the book.—It is the spell of Irving's pen which makes it charm. Both the glory and the charm will grow with every age, and proclaim to the most distant generations how a great and good man had led a great and good life, and how a great and good writer has made it the theme of a great and good book.

Irving unfolds the life of Washington as it has not been unfolded before.

At first, the Virginian infant Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; And then the steady school-boy, with his satchel, And dishing morning glory homing with joy Most willingly to school. Then, a soldier, Full of noble daring, and like the lion, brave, Swift to honor, in duty steadfast and unwavering, Seeking his country's glory.

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the lover, Vowing his heart, and pledging his hand with modest blush To one of Virginia's noblest dames. And then the commander Of the nation's army, with noble aims, With eye ever-veiled, and manner of serene, though formal cut, Full of wise precepts and high-souled instances— And so he conquers Freedom. The sixth age slits his, the grand and lofty Presidential chair; With friends surrounded, with admiring crowd; His youthful spirit unimpaired, a world to wait On and to listen to his solemn teachings And his tender, calm, manly voice. Beautifully preserved, never turning toward childish trifles.

Ever inspiring with respectful awe, until comes the last scene of all. That ends this noble, eventful history, Surrounding his noble life, his noble trust— Full of hope, full of faith, full of love, full of holy, noble thoughts.

We shall not add another word. We only wish the readers of this volume, the same joy and gratification which we have felt on dwelling upon its inspiring pages.—*Home Journal.*

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

In the life of John Plafel, a renowned dissenting preacher of England, it is said—once of those orators which are supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nests on the window of the chamber of his mother, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which gave songs in the night. "I cannot assert that the oratorical distinction of John C. Burris was preceded by any such incident, but it has seldom been my fortune to hear a more mellifluous and seductive speaker. In very early life, a student in Washington city, I heard the famous Sumner, a young Methodist itinerant. His face and form were of womanly, almost of angelic beauty. A divine lustre beamed from his eyes. His clear, full, sonorous voice fell like the tones of a mountain bell one moment, and anon, came crashing and thundering down with terrible effect on the startled masses, forcing them to cry aloud and crowd together with uplifted arms, as though for shelter from an impending avalanche. His eloquence shook sin from its citadels and dragged vice and fashion from their pride of place." The sensation he produced was tremendous. Multitudes followed his steps. As a preacher he towered alongside of Whitfield, but he soon went down to the grave, consumed by his own fire, and called to a higher sphere for some inscrutable purpose.

It is related of Bossuet, that when he pronounced the funeral sermon of the Princess Henrietta and described her dying agonies, the whole audience arose from their seats with terror in every countenance.

When Massillon ascended the pulpit on the death of Louis XIV, he contemplated for a moment the impressive spectacle—the chapel draped in black—the magnificent mausoleum raised over the bier—the dim but vast apartment filled with the trophies of the glory of the monarch, and with the most illustrious persons in the kingdom. He looked down on the gorgeous scene beneath, then raised his arms to heaven and said in a solemn, subdued tone, "O Deus, Deus, Deus est grand!" With one impulse all the audience arose, turned to the altar reverently bowed.

When Dr. Hucsey preached at Waterford, on the small number of the elect, he asked whether if the arch of heaven were to open, and the Son of Man should appear to judge his hearers, it were quite certain that three—that two-way, trembling for myself as well as for you, it is certain that one of us," he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "would be saved." During the whole of this apostrophe, the audience was agonized. At the ultimate interrogation, there was a general shriek and some fell to the ground.

B. Brioine, a French Missionary, and the peer of the most renowned orators of that eloquent nation, preached a sermon at Bagnole. At the end of it he lifted up his arms and cried in a loud voice, Oh! Eternity! At the third repetition of this awful cry, the whole party fell on their knees. During three days, consternation pervaded the town. In the public places, young and old were heard crying aloud, Mercy! O Lord, Mercy.

PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland Transcript, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem, and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

"He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances"

he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he never gets the just recompense of Reward."

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The character and antecedents of a majority of the Representatives elect to the next Congress, are such as to excite feelings of the deepest anxiety, and apprehension in the bosom of every true friend of the Union. The triumph of the Fusion party in the Northern elections, resulting as it did in the prostration of nearly all the Conservative and National men from that section of the Union, and the substitution of Fanatics of the worst type, has impressed a character upon the next Congress which bodes no good for the peace of the country and the country and the perpetuity of our Government.

For the first time in the history of our Government, bitter and unrelenting hostility to the Institutions of the South, has been made the leading and in most instances sole issue in the Northern elections, and for the first time a majority of the popular branch of the National Legislature, is composed of men who owe their elevation to avowals of bitter hatred to the Domestic Institutions of the people of nearly one half of our Confederacy. Should the Fanatics who now constitute a majority of the House of Representatives, endeavor to redeem the pledges which they made to their Constituents, and to which their election is due; should they attempt to repeal the Nebraska-Kansas Bill, blot out the Fugitive Slave Law from the statute book, and apply the principles of the Wilmot Proviso to all the territory of the Union, it is safe to predict from the present temper of the public mind, that a storm will be raised, which will shake the Union to its very foundations.

We rejoice to believe that the day of Southern Concessions is forever past. Too long have we submitted to the arrogant and domineering spirit of the North. If the Institutions of the South are worth preserving, it is full time that we had made up our minds to meet the issue forced upon us by the North, in a spirit of bold and determined resistance.

We feel that we have reason to congratulate ourselves that the next phase of the Slave question will be such as to preclude a temporizing and merely palliative policy. If the Representatives of the North attempt to carry out the measures to which they stand committed, they will present issues which the South must prepare to meet with a bold and determined spirit. The repeal of the Nebraska Bill and the Fugitive Slave Law, and the application of the Wilmot Proviso to all the territory of the Union are measures which admit of no compromise. The interest and honor of the South, demand that they should be resisted, at all hazards and to the last extremity.—While therefore the agitation of these questions by the next Congress is well calculated to excite anxiety in the public mind, still it is gratifying to know that the issue has at last been fully made up and that its final settlement is probably not far distant. It is time that agitation on this subject should cease. If Fanaticism is stronger in the Northern mind than love of the Union, let the North make this issue and let the South meet it in a spirit worthy of herself. Final separation is better, infinitely better than the mere form of Union, without that spirit of forbearance and affection, which should characterize a sisterhood of sovereign States.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

HOW TO PRESERVE TEETH.

It is probable that no department of the healing art is subjected to more frequent abuses than that relating to the treatment of the teeth, and all intelligent persons should know that no practitioner of that specialty can be safely trusted whose character and professional standing are unknown to them. I would call attention to the subject because, of having heard of recent abuses practised in this city. The teeth should never be cleaned by other than mechanical means. Any chemical agent that will act upon the tartar on the teeth will act upon and destroyed the enamel of the teeth also.—Hence, although the teeth may be made to look very white in a minute or two by the use of acid, they soon become darker than ever, to be whitened no more, and early decay and pain are sure to follow. In cleaning the teeth by mechanical means the only caution to be observed is that they should not be broken nor scratched, and that the tartar should be so perfectly removed that a smooth surface shall be left, as upon a rough surface there is sure to be a fresh accumulation of tartar. To have this done properly it is necessary to obtain the aid of a practised hand, with appropriate instruments. To keep the teeth clean, when once made so, a full and soft brush should be applied in a rotary manner at least once a day, with water not very cold.—As often as once a week prepared chalk may be used for a dentifrice. When more than this is needed it is best to obtain the assistance of the dentist. Charcoal, pumice stone, &c. wear away the teeth too severely, and, indeluctable as the first-named is, it insinuates itself between the gum and the neck of the tooth, which latter, not being covered by enamel, soon decays when thus exposed. Filling and filling teeth are operations which no one but an educated dentist should attempt; nor will a prudent person ever have a tooth drawn by any other hand if a dentist is near. If one is not, then let a handy and firm person, having first cut the gum well from the neck, embrace the tooth as near the root as possible with a pair of forceps, and extract the tooth just as he would extract a nail from a piece of furniture he would not like to injure. For such a class of teeth there is a peculiar motion in drawing; but these none but the dentist will be likely to remember. To relieve an aching

tooth apply a drop or two of any essential oil or of laudanum, if you can get it into the cavity, or a single drop of eucalypt, not around the tooth, in the cavity; and, having done so, close up the cavity, first with a little cotton and then with a little beeswax. The repeated application of such a remedy will sometimes destroy the sensation of the tooth but more powerful agents for this purpose should be applied by the dentist alone. Even these are sometimes injurious to the mouth, when carelessly applied. Above all, however, never trust your teeth (injury to which can never be repaired) to any person in whose personal integrity and professional skill you have not entire confidence.

ALVEOLUS.

BAILEY & CO'S CIRCUS—CASUALTY.

We alluded briefly, on Monday morning, to the occurrence by which Mr. George West, of Bailey & Co.'s circus, lost his life. We have since learned some additional particulars with regard to the matter.

On Saturday morning, when about five miles from Camden, the elephant belonging to the Company became vicious, and killed a horse which happened to be near him. Fearing that he might reach the other horses and the cages containing the animals, the first care of the attendants was to destroy the bridge, so as to cut off his approach to them. Mr. West, who, it seems, was accustomed to the management and disposition of the elephant, did not fear him in the least, and judging by his action that he was already subdued, designed punishing him, and thought it unnecessary to secure him for that purpose; but upon his approach, the elephant struck him with his tusks, killing him instantly, and then shook him violently with his trunk. This was witnessed by most of the members of the company, but they were of course unable to render the least assistance.

Mr. Bailey, one of the proprietors, knowing that it would be dangerous to keep an animal so unruly, and fearing the consequence to either the company or to visitors of the exhibition, determined to destroy him. The DeKalb Rifle Corps of Camden, commanded by Captain Villipigue, with a number of citizens, came to the ground and opened a brisk fire upon him, soon putting out his eyes. By evening it is supposed some hundred and fifty balls had been put into him, but with scarcely any effect beyond blinding him. On Monday morning the fire was renewed, and shortly, with a terrible roar, his life was extinct. Over three hundred bullets had penetrated different parts of his body. His carcass is now lying in a pond near the scene of the occurrence, into which he had retreated. The animal was valued at about ten thousand dollars.

Mr. West, who thus met with so melancholy a fate, was a native of Geneva, New York, and was highly esteemed by both proprietors and members of the company. He was buried in Camden, with the general sympathy and regret of his associates.

Messrs. Bailey & Co. deserve credit for thus sacrificing their property to what they conceived to be the safety of their patrons; and the circumstance may serve to awaken public regard for their establishment.

Columbia Times.

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1855.—Every man calculation of the quantity of wheat to be garnered in the United States the present year, seems to be on the ascending scale. No one thinks of reducing the sum given by the census takers. In 1850, the amount of the crop is stated officially to have been within a fraction of 100,000,000 bushels. That was a productive year, and the crop of Ohio was nearly 30,000,000 bushels. Mr. Cist, editor of a commercial paper in Ohio, put down the total this year of that State at 40,000,000, and computes the whole yield of the States and Territories at 185,000,000. Mr. Cist has been for 40 years engaged as a statistician, and places a good deal of confidence in his own figures. He regards the seven States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri—as the chief wheat bearing States, from whence comes all the surplus sent abroad, the others barely producing enough for their own supply, and his calculation is based upon the probable yield in those sections. This mode of computing the supply is not understood, he thinks, by the people in the Atlantic States, and hence they are liable to err in their judgment. With all the high estimates of the harvest, however, prices are provokingly slow in coming down.